

>Working in supported living home for people with autism and mental health conditions

>Big old house, six bedroom, three bathrooms, office, all converted for supported living and so on...

>Top floor has one bedroom and one utility room

>The guy in the top bedroom can't communicate very well but is pretty chilled

>He has a baby monitor in his room connected to the living room so night staff can hear if he needs anything

>I start night shifts

>One night hear him talking over the intercom

>"Hello" "Not fun" "Don't do"

>"Not fun" and "Don't do" are phrases he uses when he is feeling stressed or pressured

>Go upstairs to check on him

>He's sat up in bed, lights off staring at his wall

>I ask if he is okay, he says yes and lies back down

>Okay...

>Two hours later hear footsteps coming downstairs

>Must be one of the guys getting a drink

>Look around doorway

>No one on the stairs

>To get to the kitchen they would have to walk through the room I was in, no way to get there otherwise

>Think I must have imagined it and return to work

>Ten minutes later, footsteps again

>Clearly hear someone on bottom three steps and then on wooden floor at the bottom of the stairs in the hallway

>Go to check

>No one again

>Noticed a small bracelet on the bottom step

>wtf.jpeg

>No female residents in this house and no female staff on shift tonight

>Who put that there?

>Next day, hand in to manager and explain what happened

>Asks everyone, nobody recognises the bracelet

>Bracelet is put on the noticeboard in the entranceway with a

note for whoever dropped it

- >Start shift one night and notice bracelet and note are gone
- >Ask shift leader about it
- >He says he hadn't noticed who claimed it
- >Think nothing of it and get on with work
- >Before he locks the office for the night shift leader calls me

over

>Says that the baby monitor for upstairs bedroom has been re-connected because suspicions that one resident is using empty room to smoke (Not allowed to smoke in house)

- >No problem, I'll just listen out for any movement
- >About 04:00 hear noise on monitor
- >Faint crackling
- >Almost like someone stroking the mic upstairs
- >Stop and listen in case resident is trying to sneak into room

again

- >Hear the door to the room open and then shut
- >Little bastard must be in there again
- >I go upstairs and open the door to the room slowly to try and

catch him

- >Room is dark, very quiet
- >Open door fully and turn on the light
- >Nobody in here
- >Get a real uneasy, kind of nervous feeling as I leave the room

for some reason

- >Knock on suspected smoker's door to check on him
- >He opens door about twenty seconds later, clearly just woken

up

>All other residents are asleep (I'd know if they weren't because when they wake up, you KNOW about it lol, they are not quiet)

>Heading back downstairs when the door to the empty room starts to open slowly

- >I freeze
- >wtf?
- >The room was empty
- >I stay still and stare at the door for what seems like minutes
- >It's open a good 10 inches or so

- >Just held open by itself
- >I move my head to try and see around the door
- >It slams shut
- >Okay, okay... That was the wind, right?
- >Check all windows and doors in whole house, twice
- >None open and no drafts
- >Pretty creeped out but by now it's 6am and I only have one hour left so I just finish my tasks and listen to some music

>Nothing else happens for about five weeks after that...

Skip forward to what happened three nights ago during my night shift.

- >Get to work at around 21:30
- >Everyone (staff and clients) on edge, all seem stressed
- >Shift leader tells me that one guy (Andy) has been worked up all day and has hit a staff member
- >Andy is running up and down stairs now shouting
- >He does NOT want to go to bed lol
- >Every time staff ask him to go to bed he either screams or says "Sarah"
- >His key worker confirms he has no relatives or friends called Sarah
- >Due to his condition he really doesn't use names unless it's the name of someone he knows well
- >Staff enquire about Sarah and he keeps replying "upstairs, noisy!"
- >Staff reassure him and tell him he needs to go to bed
- >He looks at me, clearly terrified and grabs my arm
- >I've never seen him like this before
- >He's staring right into my eyes and says "You come, help me"
- >I agree, just want to get him to bed at this point
- >We get upstairs to his door and I go to open it
- >He cries out and says "No! You come, help me"
- >wut?
- >He takes my arm again and leads me up to the top floor
- >"Andy, this isn't your room"
- >"Sarah's room, noises!"

>Oh shit...

>We're stood outside of the room with the baby monitor/intercom now

>The room is still empty, nobody else has moved in yet

>I tell him the room is empty and that he should get to bed now

>He becomes agitated and starts pointing at the door

>"Sarah, let's go home"

>What does he mean? He's never used the phrase "let's go home" before

>Fuck it, I really need him to settle down for the night so I agree to open the door for him

>Open the door and he goes inside first

>As I step inside and turn the light on I get this weird feeling

>Never had this before

>Every hair on my body stands up

>My head is tingling and my hands go really fucking cold

>Andy turns and stares at me intently

>"See, nobody in here mate"

>He just stares at me

>My hands have visibly changed colour now

>All purple looking and mottled

>Andy keeps staring at me

>Then suddenly, without moving his head, his eyes dart to my left

>He stays deadly still, staring

>"Andy? Are you okay?"

>He looks back at me and raises his arms into the air

>"This is my home now"

>He emphasises each word when he speaks and does so quite slowly

>He's creeping me the fuck out now

>"That's right Andy, so let's get to bed, huh?"

>He turns around and starts shouting

>"Sarah? Sarah? Sarah?"

>Not upset or agitated, just shouting like you would if you were calling for a friend in another room

>He starts to shout "Sarah" again

>Stops half way through saying it and whips around on the spot

>Staring into corner of the room now

>His face just changes

>He's smiling so wide...

>Never seen him like this

>He starts laughing and then turns to me

>He taps me on the shoulder and says "Look!"

>Points to the corner of the empty room

>"Sarah is here now"

>I look from him to the corner and back again

>Wtf is he seeing?

>We leave the room and he finally settles to sleep

He's been agitated ever since but last night was a whole new experience entirely...

>Since the incident with the room Andy's behaviour has been getting worse

>More violent, more agitated

>Yesterday he hospitalised a staff member (He's quite a small guy but can really pack a punch)

>He has his meds and everyone does their best to settle him down

>That night I get to work as usual, about 21:30

>Shift leader calls me into the office for a chat

>"Andy has been acting very strangely all day"

>"He keeps lying on the floor in the spare bedroom and shouting Sarah"

>Wtf?

>I tell shift leader about what happened when he took me to the room

>He tells me the room is now locked and gives me the key for the night

>"Is this something to do with his condition? Is it his meds?"

>No side effects of meds or his condition cause problems like this

>Everyone is in bed and everything is quiet until about 03:00

>Baby monitor starts feeding back

>I turn it off, turn it back on, check the settings
>All seems fine
>Still feedback noise from the speaker
>I have to go check the receiver upstairs in the "ghost room"
>ffs...
>I get to the second or third step on the stairs
>"Hello"
>A quiet, very soft voice on the baby monitor
>Holy shit
>I don't know what to do, that sounded like a girl
>No one is in the room, no females in the house right now...

>Get a sudden feeling of like, heat in my arms
>wtf is this now?
>Fuck it
>Decided to go up to the room
>Unlock the door and turn the light on
>Holy... Shit...
>Andy is lying on the floor in the middle of the room
>"Andy?! What are you doing?"
>How the fuck has he got in here?
>I have the only key and I JUST unlocked the door
>As my shift started I saw Andy go into his room to bed
>The door to the "ghost room" was already locked at this point
>How has he got in here?!
>He sits up and looks at me
>Suddenly get that same cold feeling again
>"Sarah wants to go home now"
>I don't even respond
>What do I say to that?
>He stands up and points to the door behind me
>"Sarah wants to go home now"
>Are you fucking kidding me?
>I open the door, nobody out there
>As I turn back Andy charges at me
>Full on tackles me into the wall
>He's screaming
>His nose is about an inch from mine
>His eyes are so fucking wide and bloodshot

- >I push him away and restrain him
- >He starts crying and goes limp now
- >Hear the shift leader running upstairs

- >Everyone is awake now
- >Explain the whole incident and fill in all of the necessary forms

- >Shift leader seems a bit off
- >I think he thinks I'm up to something
- >Andy is sat in the living room having a hot chocolate
- >Shift leader asking him loads of questions
- >I get the other service users back to bed and head into the kitchen

- >Hear a kind of rustling noise on the baby monitor again now
- >Call shift leader over
- >"Listen. That's upstairs, in the room."
- >He sighs and heads upstairs
- >I stay downstairs and keep an eye on Andy
- >Suddenly shift leader shouts out
- >"Holy fuck!"
- >I run upstairs to find him on the floor in front of the "ghost

room" door

- >Help him to his feet
- >He's frantic, trying to lock the door
- >"What the fuck happened?!"
- >He's pale now, shaking
- >Can barely catch his breath
- >"I swear there was a fucking person in the corner of that room."

- >Get him to explain more
- >Says he saw the shadow of someone hunched over in the corner

>The same corner Andy kept pointing to

>He says that the door kind of blew shut with such force it knocked him to the ground

>Turn round to see Andy peering through the gap in the railings on the stairs

- >We act normal and try to get Andy downstairs

- >He's staring at the door to the room
- >"Sarah is hurt"
- >Shift leader and I look at each other
- >Both thinking "fuck this" without actually saying it I guess
- >Andy pushes past us and starts hammering on the door
- >Not again...
- >He's beating the door so fucking hard
- >Not screaming, not saying anything, just pounding the door
- >We pull him off and he runs away downstairs
- >He's put a fucking hole in the door now and his hands are bleeding
- >Shift leader starting to freak out
- >He goes to call the manager and I tend to Andy's hands
- >Once bandaged Andy smiles at me and just says "Goodnight"
- >Calmly walks upstairs and gets in bed
- >Are you fucking kidding me?!
- >Doesn't seem in pain or anything, just happily goes to bed
- >This morning, as part of incident report, we interview Andy
- >Manager searches his room, company policy apparently
- >She comes back downstairs with that bracelet that I found
- >"Why was this under Andy's pillow? Is it his?"
- >Obviously not
- >Blatantly a girl's bracelet...
- >He obviously took it from the noticeboard and placed it under his pillow...

Thankfully my shift ended just after that. I've got three days off now but I'm still feeling pretty shaken to be honest. I'm thinking of maybe setting up a recorder or something in the room when I get back to work. Any thoughts? Maybe try EVP or something? I've never had a paranormal experience before this so I have no idea how to approach the subject. Any advice?